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NURSE MARY'S TEMPTATION

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

along the echoing, flagged corridor, and they went they encountered many silent nurses-so that a fanciful stranger migh

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noted the peculiar odors that hung about the stairs and passages, as if the ghosts of medicines escaped from the chemists' bottles were hovering in the air. But the stranger on the stretcher was not observwas drawn with acute pain, and the only moaning that escaped with his breath; and he was borne unheeding into the large and lofty Barnabas ward-the abode of

The assistant to the chief surgeon of upon it. Within the screen were the surgeon and his dresser, the sister and the night nurse-all alert, eager, self-possessed, of the surgeon, and then the deft, assured binding and bandaging-and the operation

brought in an hour ago and operated on;

"What has happened?" he asked.

"I should like to see him," he said. "You shall," she replied.

She rose, and together they stepped neck, catching him by the throat and flut-"Good heavens," he exclaimed in a whis

per, when he had gazed an instant, "It's

He seemed so transfixed with astonish-Urguhart and turned off the light. "Come away, Jack," she whispered, "and

ing hush of sickness gathered about them.

At first Jack Urquhart was vague and won

a swell ever to have left the West End." who he is exactly. I don't remember. Has

"Yes." he answered. "Urquhart. We are nephews of the same uncle," he added, with "Old Sir Richard, that you've told me

extra month of life. That's all. Cacil was born in April, and I was born in May. I believe it's really less than a month; but at of one, "your medicine."

The young man had been run over in the | have nothing-except, perhaps, enough to buy a mourning ring for my dear, departed

uncle-and he must depart very soon." "It seems very silly," said she, "that a month should make such a difference beresolutely, "should be equally divided."

"Ah," he laughed softly, "you're a little Socialist, Mary. Unfortunately, Sir Richwell have thought of the stairway reach- ard even can't help himself in the matter. ing from earth to heaven, on which the 1 The Urquhart property is what lawyers the consent of the heir; and Cecil is not likely to alter, or to agree to altering, an arrangement which makes him all right." "And you all wrong," exclaimed Mary,

> all wrong. Never mind, love," he added, hand, and that hand hers. giving her a tender embrace, "we'll live

sand pounds."

India," said Mary, "you'll have to settle before her were the ether and the little down as a general practitioner with half- hypodermic syringe which she should have crown fees, medicine included."

"No, Jack, my dearest," said Mary, with the horror that possessed her heart; it was a strong, thrilling note of feeling in her horror of herself! Her better, her true voice. "But you know well enough it's self seemed to become detached from her, not ability that gets you on. Don't I re- to stand aloof and to view her with loathmember my own poor dear father, worked | ing! to death as a general practitioner in a poor neighborhood? He would never take money herself. "For my poor brothers' and sisfrom the poor, and they thronged to him | ters' sakes!" and prayed for blessings on his head; but

that did not find us in bread and butter." boy in the world,' said Jac'k, "and you at the time lest she should discover how

How did he take the chloroform?

"If you like," she made answer.

A few seconds thereafter nurse Mary Linthat love, which to a man is but an episode whole existence. Mary Linton believed that humble neighborhood. She knew that in either case she could not-she would not-

refuse him. member how fierce, how bitter, how heart- | said nothing for an instant, the necessary show of respectability-to get food and clothing and education for a familv? Had she not, moreover, sisters and

brothers younger than herself whom she had always dreamed of helping generously? And how could she do that as the wife of a struggling general practitioner? The iron of poverty had entered into Mary Linton's warm heart and made her bitterly prac

She took her hand from her cheek, sat erect and considered another view. Jack was a very clever surgeon. If he had money he could afford to start as a specialist with a house in Brook street or Harley street. He could afford to wait for patients-patients who could pay big fees-and still maintain his connection with the hospital to keep his hand in and continue learning, for either surgeon or physician, to continue expert, must continue to learn whilst he continues to practise. Then, without any screwing or pinching, she could help both

sisters and brothers. And why was Jack Urquhart not wealthy? For the most foolish little reason in the wor.d. Another person was less than a month older than he-a person who apparently had lived in sloth, luxury and dissipation, who was of no use to anybody, and whose life now lay trembling in the balance. And the balance in her hand! Mr. Golding, the operating surgeon, had exthrough the night if his heart was not | Mary, my love, the only riches I want is kept steadily beating with injections of you; and we want Cecil to live-don't we? ether. She had not told Jack that. Why

had she not told Jack that? Yes, the balance of Cecil Urquhart's life | my dear, my dear; how much better than | and a recount is demanded. was in her hand! And her heart began to beat wildly, furiously, with the thought, the possibility, that hammered in her brain. The balance was in her hand, and she could tilt it this way or that-towards life or towards death. And all she need do wasnothing. To refrain from doing anything! If she kept away from the bed with the screen about it-that was all, and none need

be any the wiser. She started to her feet, with her nigh and that had to be carefully poured into

any rate Cecil will have everything and I'll And number at awake and took the He kinesi her, and held her close.

lly he shook his head at the bitter taste

"Nasty stuff, isn't it?" she murmured softly, tucking the bedclothes about him "Now go to sleep again."

"Thank you, nurse," six murmured. "You are kind." Thus she went from one bed to another

of those who were set down for medicine. Then she turned to her heavier, more disagreeable duties, and, had you seen her engaged on them you would have said that never surely could there be a more capable, ficial objection, is there?" more calm or more resolute nurse than she. As her person was instinct with grace and gentleness, so her every action was marked with the ease and certainty of knowledge; her every movement was unhesitatingly, unhasting, swift and sure. Yet she scracely knew what she did. Her

nerves were thrilling with excitement and her heart was besieged with a nameless all the while of only one-the one she never approached, the one secluded by a screen, where a man lay, pale and motionless, his life feebly, feebly fluttering, panting, strug-"Yes," echoed Jack, carelessly, "and me gling like a weak, wounded nestling in the

Her round of duties accomplished for the surgeon in Brook street or Harley street, behind the screen. She had a book, and she loved to read, but the page was blurred with a picture of a bed with a screen about "Meantime, when you come back from it. Was the man dead? There on the table used. They accused her of neglect of duty, "Oh, Mary," he protested, as if hurt. of crime! She opened the bottle and "There seems to be a want of confidence poured a little of the ether away. And then she suddenly recognized what was

"It is for Jack's sake!" she protested to

"Your father, Mary, was the dearest old silent and dark. She did not dare to look And her heart swelled up with compassion and pity for the helpless patients around

> "Poor, poor creatures!" she murmured. "We are all poor creatures!" And tears filled her eyes.

> She had risen from her table and was approaching the fire to begin her poultica fore she discovered that it was Jack Ur-

"Why," she exclaimed, "it surely is no

Why should you think it was?" And h

"Don't you know?" said he. "I haven't

Come and sit down.'

but she answered truthfully, as if he were

"I don't know!"

She made no answer, but she watched he returned, her eyes were wet and her hands were folded in her lap "Is he all right?" she asked, giving voice

to her agony of distress. "Yes," he said, seriously and softly, think he is."

"Oh, Jack, Jack," she whispered, "I am so glad-so glad!" And she laid her arms n the table, and her face on her arms

"'Sh! 'sh, Mary!" he murmured, laying his hand on her hair and stroking it softly "You've upset yourself terribly, my dear Shall I find the matron and tell her that lutely, seeking to recover herself. "Let me stay-please let me stay! I'll be all right presently! But I must tell you, dear -I must-what an awful creature I've been! I did not want him to live, and I wanted

"Don't, my sweetheart, say any more about it!" said Jack, "I perfectly under-"Oh, yes, Jack-yes!" she answered. "Oh.

me you are! And how good you are to me! You don't hate me, do you? You don't "My own sweetheart! My darling!" rotested with warmth.

"But I meant him to die!" said she. "Is

not that as bad as if I killed him?" "I hope not!" said he. "And now we must do our very best to keep him going and get him well." He paused; and then he said very seriously-he had no thought of being eloquent, but he spoke from his heart-"I think that our profession is the noblest and change the pleasure of belonging to it, and helping people by means of it, no, not fo

all the wealth in the world!" "How dear and noble and beautiful you

"Please God," he murmured, "you sha'n't e poor when we are married."

"I don't care if we are, Jack," she answered: "I don't care if we are!" There was the sound of an opening door. It was the house surgeon on his night round. Jack started forward to meet him. "I have discovered that the accident that was brought in to-night and that Golding operated on is my cousin."

"Your cousin?" "He's very low-needs constant attention and I want to stay by him; there's no of-

"None at all, old chap, that I know of said the house surgeon.

Jack remained there all the night and devoted himself assiduously to keeping the flame of his cousin's life alight; and by morning the danger of its extinction was

When he sat down to breakfast, in pleasant sense of triumph, he took up the morning newspaper. It was not his habit to turn first to the births, marriages and deaths columns, but that morning he did. This caught bis eye-

"Urquhart-On the -th inst., at the Rookery, Brighton, Sir Richard Urquhart, Bart., of Laidlaw Hall, Northampton, in his seventy-eighth year."

So Jack's cousin was now Sir Cecil Urguhart, and he himself-Jack Urquhart-was now the heir, the next in succession! Was it to find him out and to tell him these things that Cecil had been in the neighborhood of the hospital the evening before? It was. That Jack learned from his cous-

in as soon as he was able to converse. "And I've had a very narrow squeak," said Sir Cecil, "haven't I?" "A very narrow squeak, indeed!" an-

swered Jack. "And if it hadn't been for the nurse over there-well, you'd not be talking to me now." "I am exceedingly indebted to her," said

very nice and very pretty," he added, with the casual interest of an invalid. "She is," said Jack, with interest. "She is going to be my wife."

Str Cecil, with deep feeling. "She looks

"I'll introduce you presently. I've got | sion (White House) was next visited with an appointment in India, and we are going | destruction, but not until after the rioters

out together." away as soon as I've found you?

"I can't afford to," answered Jack, frankly. "To do that needs money; and I have

"But I have," said Sir Cecil at once, "and I owe you a great deal. Look here Jack. I'll confess I've been a selfisi thoughtless beggar. It never occurred me that you were grinding along without any coin while I was playing at ducks and drakes. Now that I've come into the property, you are the heir, of course." "You'll marry," said Jack; "and there'l

be an heir to displace me very soon." "I don't intend to marry! A sinner like me marry? Never! But, in any case,

"Rather!" answered Jack. "Oh, here she is!" he explained, as Mary came down her forward. "Miss Linton," said he, want you to know my cousin Cecil."

And Sir Cecil smiled with pleasure Nurse Mary-while Mary looked gravely and with beating heart at the man whom in a dark, mad moment she had abandoned

THE LITERARY LABORER.

Avoids a Winter Climate.

I have found literary labor far more easy and satisfactory here than in a work in a warm air. During our Northern air forty degrees below freezing temperature, the change is too sudden and extreme for recreational effect. Nor can any degree safety. Nature has not built us for such ubes and lungs. Not only does the atrowhen suddenly applied to them while they are attempered to suit a furnace-heated atmosphere, but it paralyzes every pore of the skin and thrusts back into the blood

plunges from heat to cold. During the chilliest weather I write by an open fire. and when I fling aside the pen for the bow or the fishing rod the change from the atmosphere of the study to the open air is but a sweetly tonic experience, which goes through my brain like a gust of song. No swaddling in furs, no grasping, no ley inhalations, no numbing feet or fleece-gloved hands; we hold our shoulders back and breathe as if the draught were something

Doubtless the Southern summer added to the birds found out cons ago that a swinging life, alternating summer in a high lati tude with winter in the warm South, afford the climatic influences necessary to

Prize Blockhends. Springfield Republican.

The prize blockheads among the census numerators are reported from Indianapolis, Ind. Among the queries on the blanks was this: "Length of residence." Several and returned such answers as "20 by "76 feet." and the like. Albany, N. Y., is so cut up over the fact that the census shows a falling off in population that the local enumerators are being roundly depounced as drunken men and incompetents.

To a Fountain Pen.

Bottomless fountain of exquisite woe,
Why do I struggle to clean and to fill,
Seeking to regulate ebbing and flow?
Deep are your waters and horribly still. To mark with precision the words of my bra Only to waver, and, watery, thin, Return to your primitive blankness again.

Graved on my soul is a story of dread— Once in the night did I wake with a sonne Hot i' the mouth, and I sprang from my bed. Seized you, got paper, and scribbled upon it. Brooked no deray-in deliciously chos Periods scribbled I after a fashion. Crept back to bed with a sigh of relief.

Knowing the world would be stirred to its

Reading a sonnet surpassing belief.

Which from a salad of lobster I stole.

SEQUEL TO BLADENSBURG.

Acts of Vandalism Committed in Washington by the British.

Doubtless the British army made its entrance into the city of Washington at the terminus of Maryland avenue. This thoroughfare connects with the turnpike road leading from Bladensburg, from which point it runs direct to the Capitol. The first act of vandalism (which may have been justifiable) was the burning of a house a few squares northeast of the Capitel, from which a shot was fired that killed General Ross's horse. It was evidently aimed (from ambush) at the general himself. In retaliation the house was burned. Soon after the army reached the Capi-

tol, which was immediately surrounded and fired into until it became evident that no enemy was lurking in its corridors or secret recesses. It was then occupied by the troops, who were flushed with victory and fired with zeal by the conflagration already started. Before applying the torch, however, a deliberative meeting-a genuine mock congress was organized in the hall of the House of Representatives by General Ross, who escorted Admiral Cockburn to the chair. After the formal organization was effected the speaker (pro tempore) put the question: "Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned? All for it say aye!" The vote was unanimously in the affirmative. Immediately rockets were fired through the roof, while preparations for the torch were zealously entered into. The woodwork of the interior was hastily torn off and piled in the center of the hall, while books and valuable papers from the library of Congress, with pictures and paintings from the walls, were made to serve as kindling. From this beginning the whole interior of the building was soon enveloped

The Capitol was then left to its fate, which, fortunately, was favored by a heavy rainstorm that followed in the early evening, which had the effect at least to save from more serious injury the outer walls of the building. The Executive Manhad feasted on the bountiful repast that American army, in anticipation of a vic officers) came they were too much pressed of that character. It is said that in rebuilding the Executive Mansion found necessary, in order to brighten up its smoked and blackened walls, to resort to white paint; hence the beautiful soubriquet, "White House," that must go down to posterity as one of the results of

Between the Capitol and the White House the victors halted long enough completely to destroy the office of the National Intelligencer, the leading paper of the city, which, although private property, was thus severely remembered because of its the war. The building itself was only snared the torch at the earnest entreaty of inevitably suffer from its burning.

In 1855 the venerable Richard Rush, then government officials in their hasty retreat sparks mounting high upon the dark hori-

It is creditable to the British government and its leading journals to know that have since intervened. It is true there was transactions at Washington. The Cossacks spared Paris, but we spared not the Capitol of America." And only recently Marquis de Fontenay is credited with the folof the principal actor in the capture and destruction of Washington, in which he,

important affair: "Colonel Ross, of Bladensburg, who has just been appointed chief commissioner of the Dublin police force, is the grandson of that General Ross who defeated the Americans at the battle of Bladensburg in 1814. an exploit which was followed by the capture of Washington, the public buildings of which, comprising the Capitol, the National library, the Executive Mansion, were destroyed. This act of vandalism has been condemned by all English historians in the very strongest terms. General Ross held Washington for only twenty-four hours, and was killed a few days later in a skirmish before Baltimore.

"The British government was more spartary commanders in those days than in the present time. Perhaps, too, it felt any rate, the only reward which the family of General Ross obtained, the only of a royal warrant conferring the right to thenceforth tack the name of Bladensburg on to their patronymic."

A brief reference to one of the incidents of the destruction of Washington may suffice to end this series of letters: After arsenal at Greenleaf's Point (within the the enthusiasm that had been running riot for some hours before. In the hurry of the venient hiding place for a few tons of amformed in the midst of the rollicking vandals and many a valiant red-coat "bit expression. The list of casualties was would probably be a conservative estimate. London paper, wrote: "One house was unroofed and the walls of two others were shaken down. Large ple earth, stones, bricks, shells, etc., burst inte twelve men, and wounded about thirty young lady, it was not so very terrible. Diseases of Women and the Roston men, and of them in a smaller mental m

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MARCHESI'S SINGING LESSONS.

How She Proceeds with a Timid

Young Beginner. Madame Marchesi, in Harper's Bazar, I will now give the first singing lesson

and speak as though a new pupil were be-

"You are frightened, my dear young lady, Don't be alarmed; you will get on very well. Stand upon the platform, please, and settle firmly on both feet; do not hang your head, but keep it up naturally. Hold up your head, I say. You stoop too much; put your arms behind your back so that the chest may be free. Now take a breath No, not so. That was but a half breath. You must take a deep breath and not expel the breath too rapidly. No, that will not do. I will count. While taking breath shall count ten, while holding it five, while slowly expelling it ten. Good, very good. Now open your mouth. Why that grinning smile? That gives the voix rinning smile? That gives the voix the soft palate. Open your mouth naturally; the lower jaw must be depressed, as attack the tone by drawing together the ocal cords; take care that when you athe tone so hard. That is an exaggerated coup de glotte and sounds harsh. Strike the tone once again. That is right. Now let us study the passage from one register to another. Try to sing the last tone of the hest register as softly as possible so that the transition to the middle register be imperceptible, and do likewise in respect to register. It is not to be expected in the ng that the registers be connected ected to that end, which must eventually be attained through practice. Sing for me first two, then three, then four, then five tones. Good. That will be sufficient for to-day. During the first month do not prac-tice at home, so that I may keep watch of our breathing, your attack and your assage from register to register. It is imesson you should end the method, and through misected study you might undo all I have ight you. Remain here, however, and low the instruction imparted to other You will learn much thereby, and

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them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin dis an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted The Sin of the Par

life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the diseas to embarrass or humiliate you afterward cures Contagious Bloo Poison in any and al

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